# Finch his Alphabet, or,

## A Godly direction, fit to be perused of each true Christian.

ADAM our Father being the first man,
Through EVE his wife the which vile sinne began:
But God of his mercie thought it very good,
We should be sau'd through Christ our Sauiours blood.

BEtimes in morning when thou do'st awake,
Vnto the Lord see thou thy Prayers make:
And after that then goe to thy Vocation,
This is a way that leadeth to saluation.

COmfort of comforts, none that I doe finde,
So great as for to haue a constant minde:
Trusting in God, and in his onely Sonne,
Comfort of comforts like to this is none.

DEath as a Sergeant commeth vnto all,
Prepare thy selfe therefore against he call:
For he that is prepared well to dye,
Shall liue with Christ in heauen eternally.

ENuie thou not to see thy friend doe well,
Enuie is a fiend that leadeth soules to hell:
Through enuie *Cain* did slay *Abell* his brother,
When on the earth there was not found another.

FLie thou from sinne, and eke from fond delight,
And feare the Lord of heauen both day and night:
For he that onely God the Lord doth feare,
No euill euer to him may appeare.

GIue laud vnto the Lord of heauen on high,
Which made the earth, the sea, and eke the skie:
And men he made him onely for to serue,
Then from his statutes see thou doe not swerue.

HAue mercy Lord on me I doe thee pray,
And eke conduct me in thy holy way:
And let thy precepts alwayes be to mee,
As sweet as euer hony from the Bee.

IN thee, O Lord, I onely put my trust,
For thou, O Christ, art onely true and iust:
There is no other God I know but thee,
In whom I onely trust saued to be.

KNowledge a vertue is most excellent,
If to know Christ the mind be onely bent:
But not to know him, and know all beside,
No goodnesse to the soule there can betide.

LOue God, in him put all thy trust and stay,
Both day and night vnto him doe thou pray:
And be not idle either day or night,
So shalt thou please the Lord of heauen aright.

MArke well my words, and ponder in your minde,
And then no doubt but you shall comfort finde:
Put trust in Christ who for mankinde did die,
So may'st thou liue with him continuallie.

NO man there is that two Masters can serue,
To one he cleaues, from other he will swerue:
He that on Mammon setteth his delight,
He cannot serue the Lord of heauen aright.

OMnipotent Lord, send to me thy grace,
Here in this life, in heauen a dwelling place:
And when my soule depart from body is,
Grant me sweet Christ to liue with thee in blisse.

PVt all thy trust and confidence in God,
And he will guide thee with his holy rod:
For he that trusts in him, and to him pray,
Shall liue in blisse with him another day.

QVit thou thy selfe alwayes from worldly care,
And see that thou the Lord of heauen doe feare:
For he that feares the Lord of heauen aright,
Shall liue eternall with the Lord of might.

REmember man that thou art borne to die,
And not to liue on earth eternallie:
Then liue on earth while here thou doe remaine,
Though being dead, to liue with Christ againe.

SInne not, but stand in awe of God the Lord,
Who made the heauen, the earth, and sea by word:
The skie, the Sunne, the Moone, the Starres also,
And euery creature that on earth doe goe.

TRust thou in God the Father of all might,
And pray vnto his Sonne both day and night:
Intreat his Spirit may thee alwayes guide,
So from his statutes thou shalt neuer slide

VNto the Lord see that thou call and crie,
So mayest thou liue with him eternallie:
He is the Iudge that Widowes cause doth take,
And fatherlesse, when moane to him they make.

VVIsedome in man is a most precious thing,
When God did say to *Solomon* the King,
Aske what thou wilt, and I will giue to thee,
Wisedome (good Lord) grant wisedome vnto me.

XErxes for his beastlinesse he had great blame,
*Galba* for his vertue he did get much fame:
*Xenophon* affirmes that nothing is more pure
In man, then for in vertue to endure.

YOuth in it selfe vaine glory oft doth showe,
But age experience brings, whereby men know,
The idle follies that wilde youth doth bring,
Which makes them sigh when they may sit and sing.

ZEale mixt with faith, and in one heart combind,
Doth please the Lord, and comforteth mans mind.
So to conclude (with zeale) I make an end,
Zeale ioyn'd with Faith vnto the Soule is friend.

*FINIS.*

Printed at London for *Iohn Wright*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Gilt-spur-street.